

my pud

seven is the only poem

the only poem is seven
(strawberry dirt tongue)

groundundergroundtunnellow low low low

the swan on the low the low-licked seventh son soun sun soin soie swan

the sound so

¶¶¶¶¶¶¶
B'√~x 7 & unfinite, so

a great goose egg on the tongue
teeth of the seven-swan son
seventh me suivres

the pin of the moon to the swings of the (aero)planes

death , : zero

i built this house and made it bad
it's just people wearing anything

list

me in leather, whupped, lapping milk from the cup of the lord

the gold, the black, the man
suckles the braid
you slit the throat of your offering

i'm so human babe, believe me

failure on the staircase
is just heaven so quick
the devil can't take //

space satan aria

bright circle upon me
well, the quality
doesn't ever improve

yr kink and my
cross , flip it

yeah, tigre knows the rules

they are close up, rattling
berry small against
the body the wind
in my hair again

with the sun on my drunk junk
i will laugh like a beached
sailor

a small clear jelly dumpling boat,

i was raised to forget about the flower u put in my hair

uhn-Huhn hones it

who do you are

i am dog-digging in the
clung silt
crusty i wake up my neurons fire

very! loudly!!!! they go: POP! POP! /: and it cracks

i fear, no, i realize un-
gently she *lacks texture*

:(

my brain is a gun sofast; well,

my brain is a big bright hilof sand

i give you a lush kiss & my body
tries2 wake up

ah! but my arm is a graveyard

let's baby the pony
let's drink all this wine,

watch me! (i can't) open
my throat (but i'll try) (any
thing) (twice) (to show you)
(i would) (god i hope) (i'm not) (lying)

holdyrheadup

once i died
on the cross of the game
called *You Will Be*
Cruel and I Will Be
Sweet in my life
howsoever
it now numbers
i will not

the worst disappointment was when he called me
The Red Woman, he said, "no, it's different with you,
you're The Red Woman"

rot to the heart,
this, my
but still we laid the, this
my body down

eidelweiss, you look happy to me

i'm a traitor to all of my kind

the mouth widens and widens
hold on, slugger
ain't you gonna never
wanna already HADDA
leave your boots on
while you die?

look at me, foal slick
with the fuzz of want–No!
only the bleary eye or eyes
i yawn open tomorrow
(i yawn, tomorrow opens)

everyone is tall and happy and cool and in love
look you now
look
look
look
look, i think,uh
definitely yes

the slop of tomorrow sways in:

the pendulous eggsac
of the heartsick universe

while, yes i try, but unlike my comrade i find
no joy in transgression, it's just
my stupid little home

my silter
my cistern
the silk-lain way

time for a nother paradox: the horse the moon the loon the horse the moon and the loon the
horse the noon and the loon the lock the cry the loon the lock the cry the loon the block they
cry i crash ten bottles over my own head in succession

crash crash crash crash crash crash crash crash crash

! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

i never, almost never, mostly almost never, almost rarely never
pass from the leaving blood

sicky

thinking too much about teeth, too much about them and melts, chalky orange treats, a couple times a day. willing the hair to grow long (it doesn't). seeing the true face and smearing it with oil. twice is off-kilter but emphatic enough. why did i only know the little grooves for what they were not what they are? the temporal inefficacy of chapstick's your little strings of skin – nothing is love but being taken care of and that ain't nice. i am fevered: i am taking to the bed. eat the moldberry, baby – it's the same but greener and whiter and bluer and sweeter

list

i hate you like i hate the government
i hate you (i still want
your protection)

from thread from sew
i am ready to drench my
body in texts

the sun is a piece of parchment

i am trepidatious but sacred

if you have wine on your hands
wipe your wine hands on your thighs
and wash neither.....

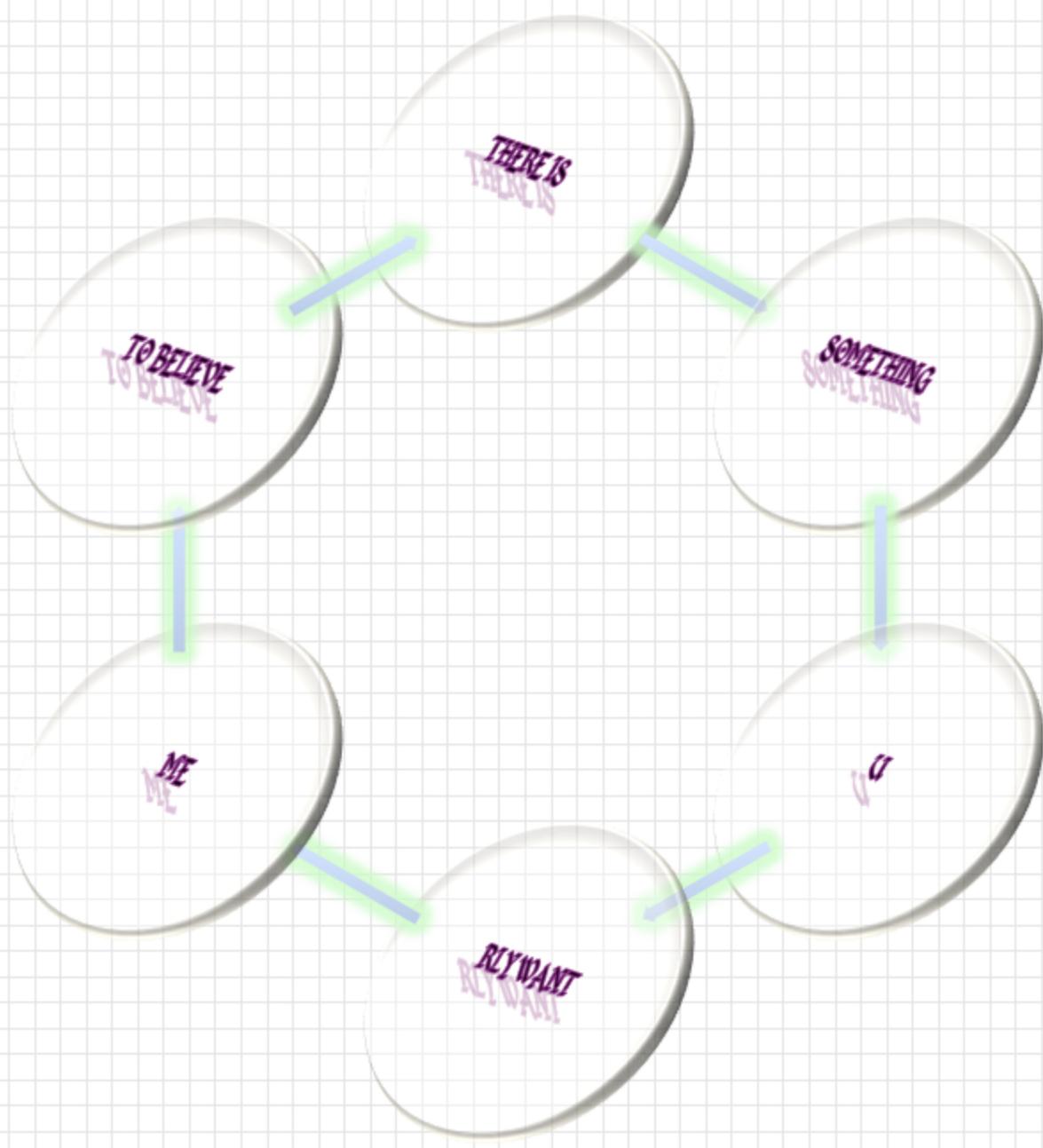
.....never let water
touch an inch of your skin if it's on you

you're looking like an angel

and i like your clothes

count me among your possessions

i'll wait right here



edam

there's a clever plastic piece on you to take off your skin
in a spiral

i call your flesh babybel when
i open it::it reminds me
of a red wax rind

you are always on the go
and ready for anything

too bad you aren't buttery

rinds, baby
a ring
and a rind pile
palm it and
put it
in your sleeve

you treasure

i offer my hand and you slap
my face as agreed

a lot of the time you are fine but it feels the same as when you aren't

i have to
stop prodding my sad lil
tum when i see the russians
because everyone thinks i am
a russian which means i
am a homely peasant russian,

bent

i want the burn cream
i want the towels
i want to eat someone-
's placenta okay
i need nutrients

what difference does
it make? clothes
on or off

i ruined us when we were children
and i hardly remember it

erotic lacks of safety?
, right? where's ours?

i want to have a seizure in front of you

asleep on the dial as
leep on the corner of ev
erything
i want to make my grand
moth
er a sun clock

(scaled-up clocks, quarter clocks, things of the sweep of the speed of the arm)

the fool is the heart in human shape
fletch the tongue so it tickles
a feather is a
milky barb

i am so beautiful i can't leave the building
i'm ready, i'm ready to peel off all my skin, so
hmm.....peel a grape for me?

step off the edge of the world → *WOOSH!*
if you were the right kind of murderer you'd be able
to open a crack in the LA river

i miss noir and
i miss sanitized dirt

never mind about your daddy!
i've got some super ideas

the pirates were the only non-strikers
13-12
we want enough blood to question god, please

“to help in a subordinate capacity”

sthluuurpuh! ding!

we don't take
chances anymore

in this hand
you a goblet, hey
down on my knees

i know a place we can go and
get electrocuted... wanna?

loss is a part of it
let's trade who holds the list

if you think that's erotic

i think you're easily tricked

you can't groom the text with a body like that

TEH-DEEE-EE!?? CUH'MON !!
pls o pls don't shoot the ponies!
be a killer we can trust!

the nosebleed of waking/
the nosebleed of sleep

nope, nah, they're Not the same thing

list

clotted cream
A Ram's Face

permit me melt
shut the errant
floodgate of his tongue

vox, vox
bunny luvr
whispered tepidly

i don't know if it's worse
to be or not be your
stout wool sock you beg
me to lie for once and i put my face
in the dirt at your feet and cry until
there's mud

look at me, lying,
the punisher,
look at me i'm
weak

wincing away from camp like rolling down the big hill like singing ladeedahdeedah like
whether you chew which part of your ballpoint pen like everything is a grave if you're always
dead or like not if you are dead but unburied but like you're still walking around like
there is a kind of sleeve that sparks my soul
i'm reading about mikhail, my softest book

madness lives in each suit
i know that's not really what you meant

tunneler

pretty plain

i love jesus very much
which settles me in my origins
which are fell and beamish
and when i say my prayers at night
i ask for diminished self awareness

i'm a hologram of a lunargram
i am two places and several technologies

did you ever concretely decide
you like it?

i can see you shredded this root across its center
the smallest action is rending and from there we'll see

welcome to the brutish hour
am i my landscape i run through
i leave you this time gently mauled

like, ever?

i convince myself of swanlike characteristics
i call it my special blindness
and am proud so proud of its berth

the best thing that ever happened is when we watched the sun drown in the handsome sea

i realize that the self-

negation impulse to which i
am laid low
inhibits

ANYWAAY, SO it seems you would have me as

your god god and so i swear

upon my

blood, which cannot die^{but, which}

can run to be a very good

god god and hold you to my marble

so milk

less

LITERALLY my capacity
for empathy **specifically**
and exclusively
TOWARD PEOPLE WHO
FIND ANYTHING OF OR
IN ME DESIREABLE &
WORTHY

as to mimic

nothing so cool as the body that

thieves the milk

of perpetuity from the teat of which i have chewed off from me and spat in the

my godbody

heap to reverse the flow of the milk to make me the milk,

solid milk

a rich thicc slab cut to resemble you, if you must

myself of myself i commend unto thee

if i hit you i'll be sure

we have communicated, mortal
mine

al is red all is reed

we crash the boat
in the snow when it snows
on the water

you mimic what i want to feel so
i claw out my eyes and put them on toothpicks
and put those toothpicks with my eyeballs on them
on a plate of other spherical and gelatinous non-eyeball
foods in the dark that i know you will sneak from the plate
i want you to eat them but i don't want you to feel bad about it
so i'm taking the risk that you might eat a grape
or a tapioca ball instead in the dark

one eyeball in the trash

one in a Tupperware in the fridge
for three weeks and then the garbage
you know how it is

i look around for my gunner
no wait i am he, i am sunning myself
on the deck it's easy
to forget your gun in the sun

get wiggy

suck an egg

you spot and pick up
my runic member

*drop it, buster!
i didn't mold that too!!!*

i can feel with my hand the difference between 62.5 g and 67 g
but i'm still having trouble with 64 g
also, you can see and feel where it got stuck coming out

the ring of contraction
lumpyside go

list

a thing without seams is despotic

a very good hologram still lacks density

***this ended up not being true but i thought it would be**
don't you worry bout
it, a thing!
hey from
the scumsucking,
bowl-licking dyke
transbian you know
but i'm glued
to my bed in a glue mousetrap
but me-sized; ;if i move i will flay myself

i think it will be in our mutual best interest to
dispense with my theoretical bottomlessness

i'll fuck you
up the way
bad construction
paper pills, stains nice
art pens – i'm tacky and
i hate me :-D peep the reference

slick rotcored monkeydog brained intelligencer, passer
of stones; child
of unequals
lordy lou the state of denmark

you forget, but i paid
you to say

peggy whitson will
have been in space
for 666 days*, it's future perfect perfect

holeface friedrice

all dumbs are nt blond

/e

ver

so verso look atme w the head
lights of yur surfboard, champ
(as
in be longing
to u plus aussi what u
r,,

'm a column too old too touch but if u cld eat it as old sea
life-tasting g d, bcming go-

d) caul thcc ah-rownd u

can u hr the urs bcmng fire

xan u hr the the space a' my command

... ?

hel ver, hel ver, hel ver thcc simully

2 /v u is 2 b prt uv u

-biutiful strngr-

mdnA

bubuhduhda-da-da-d-da-dah-dah-dahDAAh!!!

BIUTIHFUL StrA-ane-dzhurrr-uhr

everytime i look at the pict

ure of a rabit drinking from a teacup next

to two up/one down or one up two down my brain snuggles

into the grave like a pup

nose rolling over toe 2 a headbutt

, neckshoulder rockinghorsed down side

spin butt last circls on to the back

look together to the straight cistern

the brahd stroke of the hand held by a wave

...?i?? i' don't kno wut to TELL U

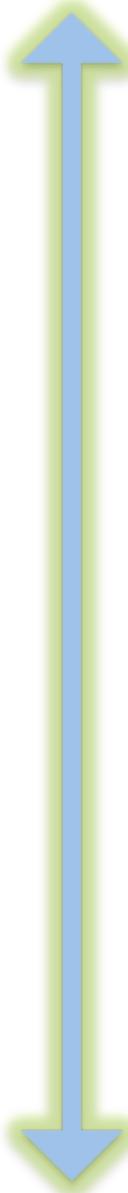
OK oK yAh ths right ths wut i sed

on the top of my list

is i dare myself to piss on sumthing

feel right as rEin 4 the rest ov myFUCKInglyfFE

not being one



not	being	one
being	one	not
one	not	being

not being one

being

one

not

being

one

not

being

one

not

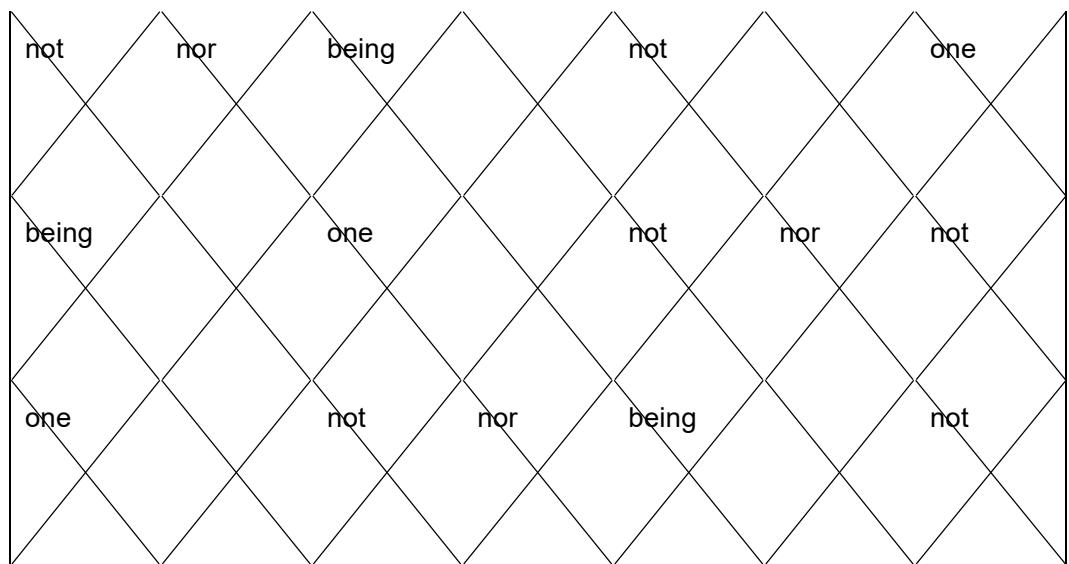
being

one

not

being

what???



list

somewhere like Cincinnati, OH is where all the hard tack went

come to me my suckle-biscuit, show me the meaning of haste

lynx, lyra, mensa, microscopium

we are bounded by physical and astronomical principles
such as the gravitational constant, or, newton – m² – kg ⁻² //
i will teach you to match L₀though you, like pluto
are now officially a dwarf planet – i love you for
historical reasons, with respect to the ecliptic //
there are more ways to measure time than just this /
the phases of the moon, the calendar, the clock
are riddled with imprecisions of the human mind
caught up in c g jung's interpretation of dreams /
here is my semimajor axis, here my sidereal year //
when i die will you offer me the coca leaf,
put my skull in a lantern? / i don't want to know
about the process // they tell me you're skilled
at identifying atoms by their light; they are mistaken,
kind of / the light must be brighter than me, the atoms
swifter // our sun, which we worship from time to time
is just at typical star with middling neon levels that spell out
COME EAT STICKY RICE FROM THE HAND OF A BLUE BABY GOD /
the iron-nickel core of the moon is getting drilled
to make my blood supplements – they're all-natural //
hydrogen weak, hydrogen even weaker but with strong
lines of metal in not canopus, but it's a stellar fusion /
here is the main sequence: the law does not work for
red giants or white dwarfs or ice cream sundaes
but antonia maury died in dobbs ferry, she's been
dead for a little less than a century, a little more than half //
there were no sparkly hippo stickers in the early universe
so thank god things have progressed since then //
i need someone smart to answer my damn question

you could choose to feel something else

don't leave
dog shit
in a freebox,
man

the ground reaches up to meet
your hand on the bough, shaking the concept of the natural
on which you depend

do me
in/justice
, words
cannot

the plastic bag slithering over my face
i often.end
poems w/:
haha hahahaha

spread it		honey
like it's	uh huh uh	cares
worth it	just let	some
me		
i'm	sweep	to be
standing	the gravel	alive in
by the	from our	the mind
dumpster	marriage	is an act
with it	bed	of
out		deletion
<i>i banged</i>	i always	i am an
<i>his head</i>	used to	act of
<i>against</i>	swallow	deletion
<i>the</i>	to prove it	
<i>dumpster</i>	on my	
	hunger	
	now	
	nothing	
alone/		
together//		
together,	the	
neither	wound if i	
alone.	want	
	to, the	
have you	swell	
sped me	and the	
thru the	stain i'm	
hills?	up,	
uh huh uh	swollen	
huh uh		
huh		

it's the soft place to be i cannot be	that i almost choked myself to death	bitch i'm a townie bitch i will knock out your two front teeth	i hate to be rude but i want to paint myself with these fruits from a plastic tub like i could feel the water as the plastic cup//i check you
the knitted lode the roman stones	ergo i am a traincar forever too busy thinking about their grin in my car to really be upset wrong	i made my debut at the temple	(that's neon for "yes") // i am the glut of my human tongue//the bronze age was enough to dice us up// on the board of the deck of the ship we've been lost since Baby's Big Day
to paint blue the underside of the chin	sweaty fiend lick my buckle	one by one the men are licking my boots ooh <i>thematic</i> and yah all the girls are screaming my name all together	from the divine interlocutor i'll brook no occlusion your hand under my shirt skirts the hem of my money belt empty a binder and full a real set
they are so tooth some tonight	if you must tremble do it on me buzz live over the com	while i look like this even though i look like this i say hello in the full flower of my devotion wearing leather cuffs on my ankles	i left it at home but it followed til i held it which one of me do you own
my yellowed cave guardian thick foams in the unbloody haven,	we cut one fine escapade from the beast's back	it's a secret just for me bully me, mister in a dream i think <i>i was cain</i>	
a box with no button	the last time i was in this tower i was also in love with my ticket if nothing else		
it's the second time this evening			

"her" face in
the sky
i try to tease
dimension
from it but
today it's just a
flat cap at a tilt
on the blue

list

the costume shepherd's crook the iridescent star confetti the pastel confetti that says baby the 8 ft gleam'n curtain to match the iridescent stars the cake topper that's a carousel (the pink and green) the between pastel and primary animal cage cake candle train the bells if they were better the green stickyback monster eye which is 6 inches which is the size of my hand if i curve it over + the 30 inch jumbo lantern the touch of color disposable cutlery in my favorite pale purple the stardream envelopes in kunzite lapis lazuli serpentine moss champagne and for once aquamarine, booklet and wallet but none of the stickers for once

i'm still waiting i'm in the dugout where i ate my chicken mole probably a year ago almost, 9 months, 5, whatever, this poem is the sequel to the poem i wrote about that time i don't have any chicken now but the train's the most important

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